

Theme: Listening
Sandra Cairns

Sound Orphans

Sound orphans, we have lived with no music
And you without the flowers of audience

This is an invitation to bring us lullabies.
I know your listening feet can find our trail

(Gardens in the mountains,
trains by a lake)

I know that trees record your nearing;
Vibrations through roots become

Etchings on tree rings, and slices of whimsical wood
Singing on old Victrolas to future insomniacs

(Laughter by waterfalls)

We are sleepless by a golden river
ears cupped for floating petals of kindness

I am listening for you, outstretched
through hands of trembling aspen

Bring us all lullabies
don't keep us orphaned
till dawn

(Tracks on the lake
Orchids in the mountains)